

Good Morning

712

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Woe, Woe, Water! By Alexander Dilke

IF you want to know the winner of the next Derby, you must walk about four miles out of Newmarket on the Bury St. Edmunds road until you come to the Kennet cross-roads. Here you will find the ancient grave of a boy.

If the flowers on it are in bloom, then you may know that a Newmarket entry will win the Derby. If they are not in bloom, then it will be a horse from stables elsewhere in the country that will win!

So at least runs local tradition and every year before the Derby people visit the grave to see whether or not the handful of tulips and daffodils planted on the grave are producing flowers or merely green leaves. The prophecy is not always right.

In 1942 there was a good show of flowers. The "knowing ones" locally backed the Newmarket horse, Watling Street, against the strong favourite, Big Game, from the South. Watling Street won.

The origin of the prophecy is said to lie in the kindly act of unknown gipsies, who years ago, planted the spring flowers on the cross-roads grave of the boy who committed suicide about 150 years ago.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Ave a 'eart, chum! I've let my burglary insurance policy lapse!"

Why the boy committed suicide and when the tradition about the flowers originated, no one seems to know. But there are many strong believers in it who back their fancy accordingly with good money.

In various parts of the world there are other natural "omens" which are taken to prophesy events. Most of them concern something more serious than the winner of the Derby, and, curiously, the majority are concerned with the behaviour of small rivers.

The River Misbourne, in Buckinghamshire, has a habit periodically of drying up. This, according to local tradition, is a sign of impending catastrophe.

The river disappeared shortly before the war in 1914. Just before the Munich crisis it was reported to be "flowing back-

wards," and in 1939 women prayed when it dried up.

This drying up was all the more curious because the surrounding country at the time was flooded.

WOE! WOE!

One of the oldest recorded "woe waters" is a stream in the Caterham Valley in Surrey. Old books mention that it flowed shortly before the Wars of the Roses.

The water flowed again shortly before the Plague and Fire of 1665, and this was taken as a sign of coming disaster. The water appeared once more in 1689.

It gave no warning of the 1914 catastrophe, but appeared in 1915 a year later. When a child was drowned in the river, in 1927, it was forecast that some disaster would follow. The world continued much as usual, but rather than allow the tradition to be damaged, someone discovered a 17th century historian, who stated that the waters were "associated with some memorable alteration in Church or State."

They pointed out that the New Prayer Book discussions taking place in 1927 exactly filled the bill!

Another "woe water" is the Wallington brook in Fowlmere, Cambridgeshire. It is supposed to have given warning of the Zulu War, the Boer War and the war of 1914-18. Unfortunately, it flowed in 1937, two years too early, and lost some of its reputation.

Cold-blooded scientists generally find some straightforward explanation for the apparently mysterious appearance and disappearance of these waters. They say they appear only after exceptional rainfall, and that this is apt to go in cycles.

Botanists also, no doubt, would have little difficulty in explaining the periodical blooming of the Newmarket flowers by saying that they saved up their strength, and since Newmarket horses win fairly frequently, coincidence would explain the rest.

Of prophetic waters on the continent, one of the most famous is a small lake near Neuchatel that periodically turns red. According to tradition, this is due to the blood of thousands of Burgundians slaughtered on its banks in 1476. The lake turned red in June, 1914.

But it has also turned red on many occasions when no war has followed and the periodical appearance of a minute water plant seems a more rational explanation!

A spring at Dalarna in Sweden periodically throws up a fountain of water supposed to foretell disaster. The spring was active in the middle of 1914. It appeared again in 1927, there were many ready to say there would be a European war. But peace reigned.

The waters at Voiron, in France, which turn milky when there is going to be trouble also failed to warn us about Hitler. They warned the French about the Germans in 1870 and again in 1914. But in 1922, they gave a false warning.

There Are No Fast Bowlers

—Here's Why

"FAST bowlers are made—not born," one famous cricketer is said to have remarked after seeing Tom Richardson bowl, and he was right—yet wrong!

Fast bowlers are made, but in many cases they are born with a latent talent that has to be developed. This can be appreciated when one looks at England's future Test team.

Can you name our possible star fast bowler? I very much doubt it, for to-day there are no Larwoods, Voces, Farnes or Bill Bowes.

But then, fast bowling is by far the hardest job in a fielding side. I've not the slightest doubt, when the war has been won, that a star fast bowler will come to the fore. England always has had a habit of finding speed merchants at the right time; although it would only be fair to add that only a very few might be termed "only once."

Why is there a dearth of fast bowlers in first-class cricket? I asked a well-known professional this question, and his answer was interesting.

"When a young man wants to make cricket his career," he said, "he plans to stay in the game as long as he possibly can. The result is he looks around, sees that a fast bowler, because of the nature of his work, does not often stand the pace as well as a medium-paced bowler, and naturally adopts the latter style of bowling. That, I feel sure, is why fast bowlers are few and far between."

Tom Richardson, considered by some of the most astute judges to be the finest fast bowler of all time, put everything he possessed into his job. Richardson studied how to conserve his strength, and the best way to make the ball do the work.

He often appeared to be all out, so fast was his bowling, but Tom always had that little bit of extra strength in reserve.

TWENTY STEPS.

Richardson, who played with such distinguished stars as Tom Hayward, and Herbert Strudwick, used to take twenty steps up to

the wicket. Then he heaved the ball like lightning down the pitch, and so accurate were his deliveries that a large percentage of his victims were clean-bowled.

A gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, Richardson rarely hit a batsman. If he did the England and Surrey man would at once apologise—and then send down a couple of easy balls so that the batsman might recover his confidence!

The great interest Richardson had in his bowling, and the loyalty to his team, made him stand head and shoulders above any other fast bowler, with the possible exception of Nottingham's Harold Larwood. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and if challenged would go to any lengths, in a sporting manner, to bring victory to his country or county.

During one match, against Essex, played on the old Leyton ground,

JOHN ALLEN
writes about Richardson
and Larwood, high speed
bowlers, in his series
"They Only Happen
Once"

Richardson, on a perfect batsman's wicket, succeeded in securing seven Essex wickets during the first innings. The Essex bowlers, for their part, also had a fairly successful time, and just before lunch, when the last Surrey wicket fell, Essex were left with 290 needed for victory.

As the players were walking into the pavilion an Essex man, so that Richardson might hear, said: "I'm going to get those runs."

Tom Richardson did not say a word, but he accepted the challenge.

While the other players went to lunch he returned to the dressing-



Larwood made the ball travel at 60 m.p.h.

room, stretched himself out on a stumps far more often than an arm, and rested. He did not eat average fast bowler, yet he was so that his digestion would not be nothing like the fast bowler one impaired, and he built up his thinks about. Richardson, tall strength for the task facing Surrey and broad, looked the part. That afternoon.

Well, to cut a long story short, set, looked a medium "trundler"—until he went into action. Tom Richardson ran through the Essex batsmen that afternoon, getting among his "bag" the wicket of the man who indirectly challenged him.

Yet Tom never said a word to a soul. He always was a quiet modest fellow who allowed his figures as a bowler to speak for themselves.

The same might be said of Tom Richardson's modern counter-part, Harold Larwood.

Nottingham and England received terrific service from Larwood, and when he retired from County cricket, just before the war, he had a record few modern fast bowlers could equal. In fact, one can justly say there will never be another Larwood just as one says the same thing about Richardson.

STUMP HITTER.

Like Tom, Larwood hit the

It has been said that some of Larwood's fastest deliveries reached a speed of 60 m.p.h. Once, playing against Tasmania, he hit the wicket being defended by George Martin—and a ball flew a distance of 66 yards.

Those tremendously powerful shoulder muscles were developed by Larwood while he was in the pits working as a miner.

When he left to become a cricketer he sometimes returned in the winter to build up his body; a move that was to pay rich dividends later. When he played for D. R. Jardine's England team against Australia in the series of 1932-33 he took 33 Test wickets at just under twenty apiece—a fast bowling record for this century.

Larwood, like Tom Richardson, prides himself on the fact he has been hit for six on only one occasion in this country, and once in Australia. Richardson accomplished the feat "Down Under," while Leslie Ames (Kent), hit Larwood over the ropes in England. Actually it looked very much as if what Larwood had panned—a catch at long-leg—would result from Ames' hit, but the wind caught the ball and blew it over the boundary.

Tom Richardson and Harold Larwood are fast bowlers the like of which we may never see again. Similar in style, both fine sportsmen and jokers, they did a great deal to encourage fast bowlers. They succeeded in their purpose, but few have ever approached the quality and skill of "the masters."

A Pin-up by Request for Stoker Norman Edwards

HELLO there, Stoker Norman Edwards! Here's the pin-up picture you've been wanting.

When we called to see your girl friend, Joyce Prince, at 46, Granny-avenue, Churwell, near Leeds, she said you had written saying that all your pals had a pin-up girl, and that you wanted one of her.

Our photographer wasted no time, and got busy with his box of tricks. We hope you like the result. You can now show your pals your idea of what a pin-up should really be.

Joyce is following in your footsteps and going "all out" on the land.

She tells us that in one of your letters you said you had spent your last leave in Australia on a farm, and that you

wrote saying how much you had enjoyed it.

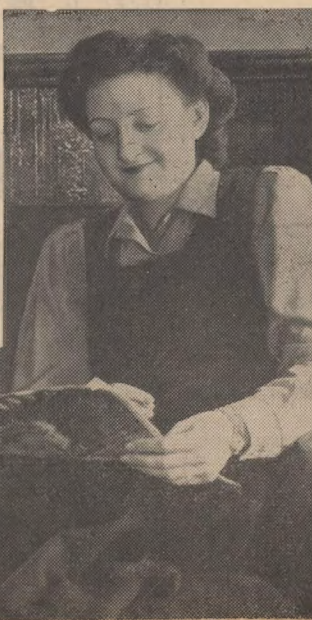
Joyce is determined to see how she likes it, and is spending a week of her holidays with a friend, working on a farm in Alne, near York.

She knows it will be hard work, but thinks it will be great fun. And anyway she is having another week's holiday at Blackpool to recuperate.

Joyce says that life in Leeds goes on much the same as ever. She still likes her work at the office, and is hoping that the Ministry of Labour won't take it into their heads to move her! She says she's keeping fit by doing a lot of dancing.

Well, Joyce had no more news for us to give you, Nor-

man, except of course, to send you her love. She says she's sorry you didn't have much time together when you met each other at the end of your last leave, but she's looking forward to seeing you when you come home again.



Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE



Picture of a Hat and Mrs. Patricia Lea.

"BUT truly, yer Honour, I didn't mean to kill her. I know people in the witness-box have said they heard me say I could kill her. I admit I did say it, but I think lots of people say that when they are angry."

"It don't mean to say they are going to commit murder really."

"I expect if all them people who'd had that said about them were really murdered, quite a lot here in this court-room would be dead."

"I just meant to give her a bashing, that's all, truly."

"You see, I knew my Jim would be with her, and I thought if I could make that hair of hers untidy, rub off some of that make-up and mess her clothes up a bit, he would see what she was really like."

"I suppose she called it

glamour, the way she got herself up, but I could tell it didn't go very deep, and all I wanted to do was rub off the surface, so as my Jim could see what was underneath."

"We was very happy before she turned up. I don't suppose anyone was 'appier than Jim and me. Then she comes to work in our town, with all her fancy clothes and make-up."

"My Jim is stationed near here, and as soon as she saw him she set her cap at him. But then she did that with every feller she come across."

"She just swept him off his feet, she did, your Honour. He never had a roving eye before, but I expect she flattered him, and no man can resist a bit of flattery, can they, Sir?"

"Before she come, he used to write to me every day, and I always met his train when he come home on short leaves. Gradually he didn't write so often, and didn't tell me when he was coming home. Sometimes my friends told me they had seen them together, and I didn't even know he was back. It was breaking my heart, Sir."

"I used to think my Jim wouldn't do that to me. Then I thought he must have changed a bit since he joined the Army, and liked girls made up."

"So I bought a lipstick and black stuff for my eyes like she used."

"I didn't know how to put it on very well—he'd always told me before that I was pretty enough without all that painting-up and he'd better not catch me making a gollywog of myself. That's what he called them, Sir."

"Still, if he had changed and wanted gollywogs now, I wanted him enough to become a gollywog."

"I hung about the streets that week-end hoping I would see him, and I did. He never

By Patricia Lea

said anything at first. He just burst out laughing right in my face. I was so 'umiliated, your Honour, but I daren't cry because I had that black stuff on my eyes and I knew it would run down my face and make him laugh more. When he finished laughing at me he walked off."

"I went home and washed my face, then cried my heart out."

"I remembered how happy I was before she turned up. Right from kids we had been happy together."

"I remembered when we went on a Sunday School treat to the seaside. We were quite young, but in my little way I just couldn't imagine life without him. He always picked me out to walk home from Sunday School, but I wasn't sure if he would always want to be with me as I was."

"And then he bought me that toffee-apple—out of his own bit of pocket money, Sir, what he'd saved up for weeks for the Sunday School treat."

"There was never a sweeter toffee-apple in all the world, Sir."

"When it was time to get back to the station, I hung back from the rest of the crowd, just so as to see if he would miss me. He went a few steps, talking to the others, and my heart nearly stopped beating—then he turned and looked round. He came running back and said 'What's the matter, May?'"

"That might not sound very much to you, Sir, but it was all I wanted. Somehow I knew then that he was my Jim and always would be, although we was just kids."

"When we left school and went out to work, we started talking about when we would be old enough to get married, and we never got tired of making plans. Never once did he look at another girl, Sir."

"When the war came he was just old enough to join up, but still I was lucky... I knew every minute he had to spare was mine, being stationed near."

"Then this girl turns up. It wasn't my Jim's fault. She threw her cap at him."

"When my face with make-up on didn't get him back, I made up my mind he should see hers without any, and see what that would do. She wasn't any good to him, Sir."

"I bet she never offered him a bob towards the pictures like I used to, because I knew what with his Army pay he didn't have much to spare. I bet she always asked for port when he asked her to have a drink, instead of forcing down half of bitter and pretending to like it as I did, just to make it cheaper for him."

"NO! I bet she took all she could and made out she was doing him a favour by even being with him."

"I tell you, Sir, it was break-

Right into fiction steps Patricia Lea with this little moving incident of pure drama. There's a moral somewhere in it perhaps; you can work that out for yourselves.

ing my heart to see my Jim being made such a fool of, and all the town talking about it too."

"So I found out he was home one week-end and had gone to a darts match at the Hall. I found out that she was meeting him outside, so I thought here was my chance."

"I would go there too and I would set on her, so she looked a mess when he saw her."

"She sneered at me a bit when I went up to her and that made me mad. I looked at that hair of hers, all peroxided with all curls up the front and long at the back and thought I would start on that."

"I gave it a good tug, and when it looked like I thought it would first thing in the

morning, I started wiping the make-up off that face of hers. "She wasn't the lady she made herself out to be, your Honour, because she could put up a pretty good scrap too, so I didn't have it all my own way, but I was doing some damage to her appearance, and that's all I wanted."

"I had to work a bit fast, as I wanted to be free to run away when I saw my Jim coming out of the Hall."

"So I gave her a good shove so as to be ready to hop it, as the doors were opening."

"I saw her fall, and I must admit, gawd forgive me, that I was glad, as that would muck her clothes up a bit more."

"But, your Honour, she didn't get up. I bent over her and saw she was in the gutter. We must have edged towards the kerb in the fight—in the excitement, and being fairly dark I hadn't noticed—and when I pushed her she must have lost her balance and fallen. I didn't think I had shoved her all that hard."

"Then I saw blood on her head and that frightened me. I looked up and saw my Jim a few yards away and rushed over to him."

"Quick, get an ambulance, or something, Jim," I shouted. "I've done something terrible I fink."

"Even then I didn't think (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to the science of brewing and distilling?
2. Who rebuilt Jericho?
3. How much is a noggin?
4. What is the fourth bridge you pass under if you sail up the Thames?

5. What is called the "back-bone of England"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Uncle, Father, Mother, Grandfather, Nephew, Son.

Answers to Quiz in No. 711

1. Bird.
2. Margaret Symcott.
3. 1948.
4. One (Vesuvius).
5. Ferdinand Magellan.
6. Wessex is not a county; others are.



Jack Greenall

Says:
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

THE PARROT.

THE parrot has a nasty eye and likes seeds, bananas, and human fingers. Usually found sitting all in a lump talking rot to himself. From this he is known as an intelligent bird. Has a disease that can kill you, and when pottering round his cage, sounds like a ten-ton truck.

The parrot is peevish. Can you wonder—cracking open a load of seeds to get a square meal!

Parrots at their best are no oil-paintings. One is reminded of a pair of pincers with a lettuce stuck on the top. A lot of funny stories are told about parrots—but not here!

Sailors love parrots; maybe the constant chatter reminds them of home; gluttons for punishments are sailors.

The Parrot House at the Zoo is as near to Bedlam as it's possible to get.

A mothers' meeting is given music in comparison. Barges and guffers come here to broaden their vocabulary. If fines were inflicted for strong language in this joint, there'd be enough all round to settle the National Debt!

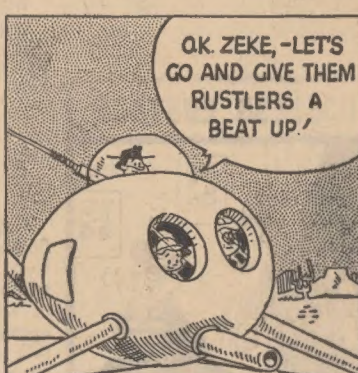
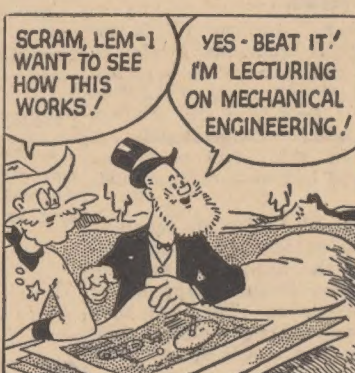
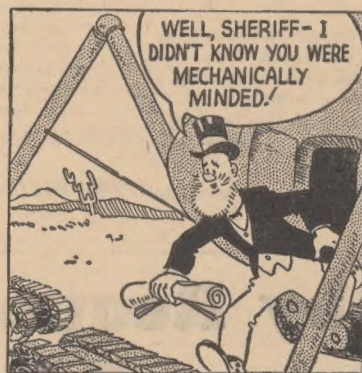
Lots of parrots come from Brazil. Gets to me Brazil's another country that's got it in for us.

Alex Crack

A fire had occurred in the suburbs. No reports being available, the news editor sent the newly engaged society reporter to investigate the matter and report. Her report was as follows:—

A brilliant fire was held yesterday afternoon at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Smith in Dale Street. A large number of people were present. Mrs. Smith, who had recently had her hair permed, made a charming escape in a pretty dress, the pattern of which appeared on our women's page last week. The firemen were becomingly garbed in full-cut tunics. The weather was quite delightful for an affair of this kind. Everyone expressed the opinion that the fire was most successful. It must have cost at least £10,000.

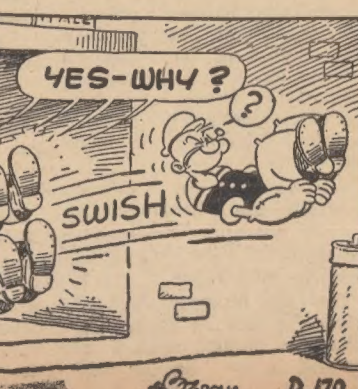
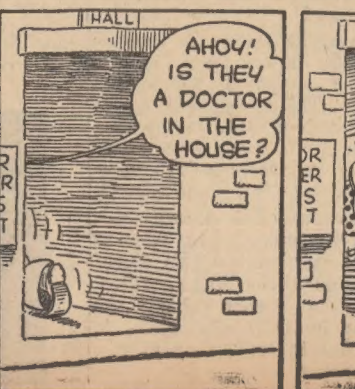
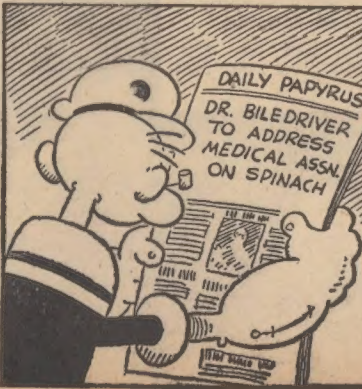
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Speech for the Defence

(Continued from Page 2)

she was dead. Oh, Lord, Sir, I was terrified, and if I had meant to kill her I wouldn't have been so terrified, would I, Sir?

"A small crowd had gathered by this time, and the local policeman came up. Then he said she was dead. I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe it.

"But that policeman took me by the arm and led me to the police station.

"That's all I can say, Sir. I just wanted to give her a bashing, that was all. You can't call that premeditated, can you, Sir?

"And look, yer Honour, there's Jim over there, my Jim, and he knows me, and he knows I'm tellin' the truth ...

JANE

THE END

BRAZIL GIRLS ARE BROWND OFF WITH COFFEE

COFFEE is going to be scarce. The unrationed coffee industry has been enjoying a boom. The average Englishman has been drinking ten per cent. more coffee than ever before, but now he'll have to cut down.

Coffee shipments are being diverted to the Continent, where our friends need them most, and home stocks are facing depletion.

The average consumption of coffee per head in Britain, despite the coffee boom, is still less than 1lb. per year. Our grandfathers drank twice as much. In Sweden they consume 16lb., and the French must have seriously missed their 10lb. per head.

At the top of the coffee tree, however, Brazilians consume 20lb. per head each year.

More than half the world's five billion coffee trees are in Brazil. It was there that, in

usually launched a coffee lip-stick.

Now Britain is buying most of its coffee from Costa Rica and Kenya, where it costs less.

Germany had to use cereals, carrot, dandelion root and yellow iris seeds as a coffee substitute, but most of the coffee sold to-day in Britain is guaranteed pure. Chicory itself, now sometimes mixed with coffee, was the first real coffee substitute, used by Napoleon a hundred and forty years ago.

Civilisation might never have known coffee if a band of Egyptian monks, seeking refuge from persecution in Abyssinia in the third century, hadn't noticed the liveliness of their sheep and goats after nibbling at coffee berries.

They tried some themselves and felt "perked" up.

At first, coffee was eaten like chocolate in the form of a paste. It is 400 years since the first coffee-house was established in Constantinople, and the first was set up in London in 1652.

Says Ronald Garth

An air pilot, flying over Sao Paulo, found that the stench of burning coffee made him giddy. The caffeine fumes went to his head.

Chemists experimented in making coffee fertiliser, coffee glue, coffee cardboard, even coffee rayon.

The girls of Brazil began to wear coffee silk stockings, their fountain-pens were filled with coffee ink, and one firm ac-

Wangling Words No. 652

1. Behead a prayer and get a contest.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Thericeofatoesandarsnisre-osterous.
3. Change THE into EBB in four steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MEND, etc.)
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He locked the unwelcome in his , where he keeps coal.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 651

1. B-old.
2. Spring brings sunshine and showers.
3. SLAM, LAIME, AMEN, MEND, ENDS.
4. Cast, cats.

The Things People Do

IT'S queer how things start.

At the beginning of the war, Mr. Alec Wilson, landlord of the "King's Arms" Hotel, Kingsbridge, South Devon, thought it would be a good idea if the Christmas poultry was put in the ice-cream hardening room of an ice-cream factory in the town.

The place was empty because of the restriction against manufacturing ice-cream. His idea was adopted.

Then someone else suggested that if chickens, turkeys and geese could be kept there, why not use it for storing fruit and vegetables? That, too, was arranged.

Before Mr. Wilson and the other people with ideas knew what had happened, the ice-cream room had become the first communal cold store in the country.

During the war the Kingsbridge people brought along their raspberries, strawberries, runner beans, chickens—all kinds of back-garden and allotment produce—and often, twelve months later, took away the fruit and vegetables in perfect condition.

They could have strawberries at Christmas and runner beans in May, all as fresh as if they had just been picked.

But the factory is back on ice-cream production. The people are asking their council to start a communal cold store elsewhere.

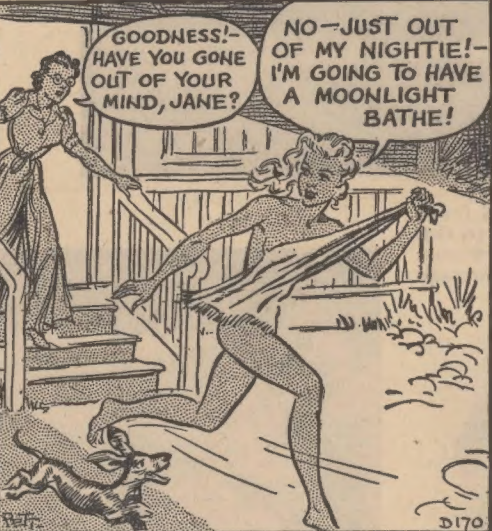
D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

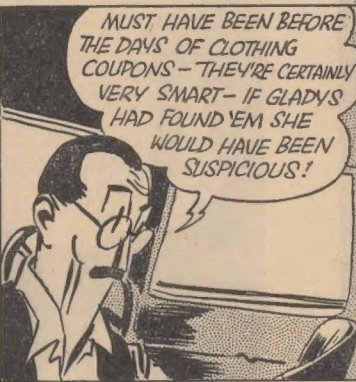
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- CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Pro noun. 4 Employees. 9 Boy's name. 11 Irish county. 13 Burning. 14 A greeting. 15 Backless seats. 17 Slender. 18 Gathered. 20 Recede. 23 Self. 24 Drink. 26 Nautical cord. 29 Air. 30 Was wet. 33 Coming in. 35 Gauzy fabric. 36 Song fragment. 37 Crowbar. 38 Unit of length. 39 O.K.
- CLUES DOWN. — 1 Sea-fish. 2 Handle. 3 Mixed dish. 4 Famous poet. 5 Tree. 6 Bottle. 7 Hair ribbon. 8 Space. 10 Support. 12 Go smoothly. 16 Sweeten. 19 Wicker boat. 21 Plain-spoken. 22 Fowl. 25 Trees. 27 Sinew. 28 Grievous. 29 Try. 31 Fleet. 32 Sword. 34 Still.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



THE ENGLISH VILLAGE.

This little bit of Heaven is to be found on the road from Bristol to Gloucester. And the men who go down to the New Inn as evening falls, for their pints, know it as Stone, which is an apt name for a village in which every cottage is built of good Cotswold stone.



"FANDANGO," said the footloose cameraman. "Fiddlesticks," we replied. "Not at all, a Spanish guitar," said the insolent snapshotter. "Never heard they suffered from it — asthma, perhaps —" we muttered, pretending to be hard of hearing. "Castanets, you sap," he snapped, exasperated. "Well, why didn't you say they were fisher-girls?" was our parting shot.



PRAM SHORTAGE?

Well, we never thought it would come to this! Here are mothers specially adapted for the job of lugging their kids around when the Government can't supply prams. Old Man Darwin would have something to say about Mrs. Wallaby, no doubt.



IS YOU IS, OR IS YOU AIN'T?

Not much doubt about lil' Manda and her sister Dinah being Mammy's little darkie chill'un, we'd say. Or much doubt either that Mammy ever calls them "Snowball"!



"COVER GIRL" TO COVER THE WORLD.—Jinx Falkenburg, who has appeared on hundreds of magazine covers, and who played in the film, "Cover Girl," is now to cover the world on travel posters. Personally, if we saw the Jinx figure on a poster for Timbuctoo, we'd bag our bags and take the next train there!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"UNCOVER girl, he means!"

